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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

[We are enabled in the following article to present our readers with an original paper of equal antiquity and interest. It is a brief memoir of Sir William Springet, the father-in-law of William Penn, written by his wife, and addressed to her grandson, Springet Penn. The connexion of the parties with the founder of Pennsylvania would render the narrative valuable, if it had no other attractions. But it will be found, we think, in itself interesting, from the memorable period of English history to which it relates and the characters which it develops. Whatever may be thought of their religious opinions, and the austerity of their practices, there is something in the enthusiasm, resolution and tenderness of the wife, and in the disinterested patriotism, the courage and generosity of the husband, that cannot fail to win admiration. We are reminded frequently by the style and circumstances of this narrative of Mrs. Hutchinson's memoirs of her husband, and though their situations were in some respects different, we see many of the same traits in the character of the two females. The authenticity of the paper is certain, being taken from a manuscript copy in our possession.]

A letter to my dear grandchild, Springet Penn, wrote about the year 1680, and left to be delivered to him, after my decease.

DEAR CHILD,

Thou bearing the name of thy worthy grandfather, Sir William Springet, I felt one day what I had desired was answered, which was the keeping up his name and memory, not in the vain way of the world, who preserve their names and memory for the glory of a family—but in regard, as he left no son, his name might not be forgotten. He dying before thy mother was born, thou could'st not have the opportunity of her putting thee in remembrance of him: so I am inclined to make mention of this good man to thee, that thou may'st preserve the memory of this just one in thy mind, and have him for a pattern to thee; that by imitating him, and following him as he followed Christ, thou may'st continue his name in

the family, not only by being called after him, but more especially by walking in his footsteps and bearing his image, and partaking of his renown, by being the virtuous offspring of this truly happy sire.

Thy dear mother's father was of religious parents: his father, thy great grandfather, (tho' a lawyer) was religious and strict, as I have heard of him, in those things wherein the administration of that time consisted: Zealous against popery, scrupled putting his money to use, and was of a sober conversation, and in the exercise of what (in that dim day light) was accounted holy duties. He was much in prayer, though in a form: reading scripture by himself, and in his family exercised much, in such like things, on that day which they accounted their Sabbath.

He died of a consumption, leaving thy great grandmother, with two sons, and with child of a daughter: she was married to him about three years and left a widow, at about twenty-two or twenty-three. She was an excellent woman, and had a great regard to the well-being of her children, both in their inward and outward condition; and that she might the better bring up her children, lived a private, retired life, and refused marriage, though frequently well offered, as I have heard her say. She also suffered much from his two brothers, Sir Thomas Springet, and a brother-in-law, who were his executors, through their jealousy, that she being so young a widow would marry. They refused her the education of her children, and put her upon suing for it, which she obtained with charge, and some years' suit.

She lived a virtuous life, constant in morning and evening prayer by herself, and often with her children, causing them to repeat what they remembered of sermons and scriptures. I lived in the house with her from nine years of age, till after I was married to her son, Sir William Springet; and after he died,

she came and lived with me, and died at my house: in all which time I never saw or heard (as I remember) an immodest, indiscreet, or evil action. She spent her time very ingeniously, and in a bountiful manner, bestowing great part of her jointure yearly upon the poor, and in physic and surgery. She had about twelve score pounds a year jointure, and with it she kept a brace of geldings, a man and a maid: she boarded at her only brother's, Sir Edward Pateridge's. She kept several poor women constantly employed, simpling for her in summer, and in the winter procuring such things as she had a use for, in physic and surgery, having eminent judgment in these things, and admirable success, which made her sought for out of several countries, by high and low.

She daily employed her servants, in making of oils, salves and balsams, drawing of spirits, distilling of waters, making of syrups and conserves of many kinds, with purges, pills and lozenges. She was so skilful, in taking off cataracts and spots from the eyes, that Stepkins, the great oculist, sent many to her house, where there was a difficulty in the cure, and he could not spare time to attend to it.

She cured, within my knowledge, many burns and desperate cuts, and dangerous sores that have come by thorns and broken limbs; many of the king's evil, taking out several bones. One burn I in an especial manner remember. A child's head was so burnt, that its skull was like a coal; she brought it to have skin and hair on, and invented a thin pan of beaten silver, covered with a bladder, to preserve the head, in case of a knock or fall. She frequently helped off consumptions, beyond the skill of doctors, through her diligence and care. In the village about her, lodged several patients, who came some hundreds of miles for cure, and lay there sometimes a quarter of a year from their families.

She had twenty persons, men, women and children, to dress, in a morning, of wounds, and for sore eyes, and to apply physic to: I have heard her say she spent half her revenue in making medicines for these cures, and never received presents of value; only this she would do: if the patients were able, she gave them a note of what things they should buy, and she made up their medicines.

Her man spent most of his time in writing directions and making up of salves and medicines: she was greatly beloved and honoured for this, in the place where she dwelt. She was, since the wars in her latter time, what is called a Puritan, in her religion, and afterwards an Independent, and kept an Independent minister in her house, and gave people liberty to come twice a week to hear him preach. She constantly set apart the 7th day about three or four in the afternoon, for her family to leave all their employments, and this minister preached and prayed with them for a preparation for the morrow.

She was a most tender and affectionate mother to thy grandfather, and always showed great kindness to me, and chose me for his wife, and was greatly delighted with his love to me. Indeed she was very honourable in counselling her son not to marry for an estate, and put by many great offers, of persons with thousands, urging him to consider what would make him happy in his choice. She proposed my marriage to him because we were bred together, from children, I nine and he twelve years and a half old when we came to live together. She used to discourse to him in this wise: that as she knew me, and we were known to each other, she would rather choose me for his wife, if I had no portion, than a stranger with a large one, because of our equality in years and outward condition.

She lived to see thy mother three or four years old, was very affectionate to her, and took great delight to see her wisdom.

Now to come to thy grandfather. She having, as I said, educated him and the rest of her children in the fear of the Lord, according to the knowledge given in that day, and took great care in placing him both

at school and university. She sent him to Cambridge (as being accounted more sober than Oxford) and placed him in a Puritan college, called Catherine Hall, where there was a very sober, tender master, and a grave, sober tutor; she also appointed him one Ellis, who was accounted a Puritan; she having brought him up in his youth, and got him preferred to be a fellow in that college.

Thy grandfather coming from Cambridge young, was placed at the inns of court; but he being religiously inclined, staid not long there, but went to Kent, where his mother was, and went to hear one Wilson, who had been suspended (for not conforming to the bishops) for about three years: he was an extraordinary man in his day.

Thy grandfather was delivered from, or saw, beyond the bishops and Common Prayer very early.

When he was between twenty and twenty-one we married, but without a ring, and many of their formal, dark words, were left out upon his ordering it. He being so zealous against common prayer, and superstitious customs, made him a proverb and a reproach amongst his intimates and relations; and to dishonour him they reported many false things against him, as that he should say, he never asked God forgiveness, but for two sins; one was, for going to church, and the other for saying the Lord's Prayer. Indeed he was so sensible of their blind superstition, concerning what they call their church, that he would say disdainful words about it, and speak of using their church timber for very common uses. When we had a child, he refused to let the midwife say her formal prayer, but prayed himself and gave thanks to the Lord, in a very sweet melted way, which caused great amazement.

He never went to the parish church, but went many miles to the beforementioned Wilson; neither would he go to prayers in the house, but prayed morning and evening with me and his servants in our chamber, which wrought great discontent in the family, (we boarding with his uncle, Sir Edward Pateridge); he would not let the parish priest baptize his child, but when it was eight days old, had it carried in

arms five miles to this Wilson above-mentioned, about the time called Michaelmas. There was great seriousness and solemnity in the doing of this thing, we then looking upon it as an ordinance of God. Notes were sent to the professing people round about more than ten miles distant, to come to seek the Lord at such a time for a blessing upon his ordinance: there was none of their superstitious customs, and what they call gossips, nor any person to hold the child, but the father, whom the preacher, when he came, spoke to, to hold the child, as being the fittest person to take the charge of him: it was a great cross to him, and caused him to be much gazed upon and wondered at, (he being a gallant and very young) in the face of so great an assembly; to hold the child in his arms, and receive a great charge of his educating the child, and having his duty towards him declared. This was so new, that he was the first of quality in the country that refused those things.

In this zeal against dark formalities and the superstition of the times, he took the Scotch Covenant against all popery and popish innovations, as also the English Engagement. When his child was about a month old, he had a commission sent him to be a colonel of a regiment of foot, when the fight was at Edge Hill. He raised, without beat of drum, eight hundred men, most of them professors and professors' sons, near sixscore volunteers of his own company, himself going a volunteer, without pay. He afterwards was made a deputy lieutenant, in the county of Kent, in which employment he was zealous and diligent for the cause, insomuch that they looked upon him as like to be mad, because he reproved their carnal wisdom in managing things, and told them it was the cause of God, and that they should trust in God, and do what in them lay, to act according to their covenant and engagement which they had took, to oppose with their lives and fortunes popery and popish innovations.

Within a few days after his regiment was raised, there was a rising in the vale of Kent, of many thousands: to the suppressing of which he, and his new gathered and undisciplined soldiers were commanded,

from their rendezvous at Maidstone; where it was said, that the vain company in the town had a design of doing them injury by gunpowder. He having placed his men in such order as their youngness, and the time would permit, came to me, who had then lain in about a month, to take his leave of me, before they encountered the enemy: but when he came, he found me in danger of being put out of the house, in case the enemy proceeded so far, he having received orders that morning, being a fifth day, to march with his regiment, in company of some other regiments, to keep a pass, where it was reported prince Rupert was coming over to join with the Risers.

It was a great surprise to him to find me in that danger, and it put him upon great difficulties to provide for my security, and to return to his regiment at the time appointed. But he being of a diligent mind, and of a quick capacity, found out a course that did effect it, which was this: he fetched a stage-coach from Rochester, which was about seven miles from Maidstone, in which parish I was, and in the night carried me and my child, (to whom I gave suck) and my maid servant, to Gravesend, and there hired a barge for me to go to London, and took a solemn leave of me, not expecting to see me again, and went post to his regiment. As soon as I came to London, the whole city was in arms, and there was nothing but the noise of drums and trumpets, and clattering of arms, and crying, arm! arm! for the enemy was near the city: which proved to be that bloody fight between the parliaments and the king's forces, at Hounslow Heath.

Not many days after, the Risers being dispersed in Kent, he came to London, having behaved himself very approvable, in endeavouring to get the cattle and horses restored to the persons who had been plundered by the Risers, who had taken a great quantity; but by being dispersed, were then in possession of the soldiers: thy grandfather being advised with concerning a place to secure the stock in, that the owners might come to claim their own, he directed them to the place they called the church, which he saw done, but being applied to, by the owners for their cattle, he went with them to this place, but when he

came, he found the cattle were driven away by a colonel of that county, on to an island of his own, accounting them his spoil for his service, which proved honourable for thy grandfather, he having no less share in suppressing these than the other party, for he applied himself to relieve those who were oppressed by plunder, and the other endeavoured enriching himself.

He went upon several services with this regiment, as at the taking of the lord Craven's house in Surry, where several of his company of volunteers, men's sons of substance, were of the forlorn hope; as also at the fight at Newbery, where he was in imminent danger, a bullet hitting him, but it had lost its force to enter: he lay some nights in the field, there being neither time nor convenience to pitch his tent—he lay in the lord Roberts' coach.

They having a scarcity of salt, would not venture upon eating flesh, but lived some days upon candied citron and biscuit: he was likewise in several other engagements. When he took his regiment back into Kent, the last service he was in was at Arundel in Sussex, where he died, as I may further give thee an account: but I am not willing to let slip taking notice to thee of his gallant and true English spirit. He opposed all arbitrary discipline in the army, to which purpose he claimed his right as a colonel to sit in their councils of war; which, (there being a selfish cabal,) they refused; engrossing the management of secret designs to themselves, which he gave testimony against, saying it was contrary to all military laws. Those of the cabal were one Merri-ck, one whose name was —, and a Scotchman, whose name was —; he had his eye so much upon them, and discovered so much of their intending a trade in this engagement, or at least a compliance with the king for their own advantage, that he constantly published his dislike, insomuch that he was warned by several of his intimates of having some mischief done to him, if not his life sought. But he received in such a sense, those secret and selfish management of things, together with the exalted bravery of the captains and colonels that went out at first with colonel Hallis, many of these being but very mean men, and the

consideration of what glory he had parted with, and into what measures we had put ourselves for the cause, that he concluded the cause was lost for which he was engaged, and thereupon resolved not to go forth any more, and so returned with his regiment after this fight into Kent.

Not long after, his own native country, Sussex, was in danger of spoil by the cavalier party, who had taken Arundel town, and fortified it and the castle. Sir William Waller commanded in chief against them, to whose assistance the associated counties were sent for. Amongst the several regiments, thy grandfather's was invited; he looking upon this engagement as a particular service to his own country, with great freedom went to Arundel, where they had a long siege before the town; after they had taken it, they besieged the castle; it was a very difficult, hard service; but being taken, thy grandfather and Colonel Morley had the government and management of the castle committed to them. But a few weeks after this, the disease of the soldiers that were then in the town and castle, (the calenture) seized him at his quarters, at one Wadies, near Arundel, where he sent for me (in the depth of winter, frost and snow) from London, to come to him. Which was very difficult for me to compass, being great with child of thy mother. The waters being out at Newington and several other places, that we were forced to row in the highway with a boat, and swim the coach and horses, and take the things in the boat with us, which things the coachmen were so sensible of, and the badness of the ways between London and Arundel at that time of the year, made them refuse me almost throughout the neighbouring streets; only one widow woman who kept a coach, and had taken a great deal of our money, and who had a very great respect for thy grandfather, undertook to let her servant go, though he should hazard his horses; so I gave him a very great price, (twelve pounds) to carry me down, and to return, (if I was not with him,) within a days' stay.

It was a very tedious journey, wherein I was benighted and overthrown in the dark into a hedge, and when we got out, we had hardly

room to stir, for fear of falling down a very steep precipice that was on the other side, which if we had, we should certainly have been dashed to pieces. We had only the messenger from thy grandfather for a guide to us, who riding on a white horse, was the only help we had to follow in the way. We came to a garrison late at night, the colonel whereof had ordered the coach to be stopped; and to give him notice by firing a gun, which they did, upon which the colonel came immediately down to invite me to stay, and to encourage me, said that my husband was like to mend, and as he understood I was near my time, he beseeched me I would not hazard myself; upon which the coachman, (being sensible of the difficulties he should undergo) would needs force me to lodge in the garrison, saying his horses would not hold out, and they would be spoiled; to which I replied, that I was obliged to pay for all the horses, if they suffered, and I was resolved not to go out of the coach, unless it broke, until it came so near the house that I could compass it on foot: so finding my resolution he put on.

When we came to Arundel, we met with a most dismal sight, the town being depopulated, all the windows broken by the great guns, and the soldiers making stables of all the shops and lower rooms, there being no light in the town but what came from the lights in the stables. We passed through the town towards his quarters; and when we were within a quarter of a mile of the house the horses were at a stand, and we could not understand the reason of it, so we sent our guide down to the house for a candle and lantern, and for them to come to our assistance, upon which the report went to my husband, who told them they were mistaken, for he knew I could not come, I was so near my time; but they affirmed it was so; he commanded them to set him up in his bed, 'that I may see her,' said he 'when she comes.' But the wheel of the coach being pitched into the roof of a tree, it was sometime before I could come. It was about twelve at night when I came, and as soon as I put my foot into the hall, there being a pair of stairs out of the hall into his chamber, I heard his voice; "Why will you lie to me?"

if she is come let me hear her voice," which struck me so, that I had hardly power to get up stairs, being borne up between two. When he saw me (the fever having took his head) he sprang up as if he would have come out of the bed, saying, 'let me embrace thee before I die: I am going to thy God and my God.' I found most of his officers about the bed, attending on him with great care, and signification of sorrow for the condition he was in, they greatly loving him.

The purple spots came out of him the day before, and now were struck in, and the fever got into his head, upon which they caused him to keep his bed, not being able to persuade him to go to bed before, it being five days from the time he was first taken ill until the spots came out; but they seeing his dangerous condition (so many Kentish men, both commanders and others, having died of it in a week's time, near his quarters) constrained him to keep his chamber; but such was the activeness of his spirit and stoutness of his heart, that he could not yield to the illness that was upon him, but covenanted with them that he would shoot birds with his cross bow out of the window, which he did until the fever took his head, and the spots went in. After that the fever was so violent, and he so young and strong of body, (being but about the age of twenty three) that they were forced to sit round the bed to keep him in, or else they must have tied him. But he spake no evil or raving words at all, but spake seriously about his dying to my doctor, whom I brought down with me by his order. He told him what physic he should give him, saying also to him, 'what you do, do quickly; if this does not do nothing will help me.' He spake most affectionately to me, and very wittily to his officers that were about his bed (but no way harmful) as to their several offices, as the marshal and others about keeping their prisoner, and making up the breach, and to keep the watch, which meant his getting out of bed, which he attempted to do often, or by putting out his legs and arms. His breath was so very scorching that it made his lips chopped; he perceiving my mouth to be cool, did hardly permit me to take it off to breathe, but would cry out, 'oh! dont go from me,' which

the doctor, and my own maid servants, and the attendants were very much troubled at, looking upon the infection to be so high that it endangered the infecting myself and child, by taking his breath into me. I also being very near my time, found it a very uneasy posture for me, two hours (at times) if not more, to bow myself to him to cool his lips with my mouth.

The physic which he ordered being applied to him, he observed the manner of its operation to be a signification of death, and called out to the doctor in these like words:—"this wont do, I am a dead man." The same sign the doctor had concluded upon, though he said nothing. He again called upon me to lay my mouth to his, which I did for a considerable time, and he would lie very quiet while I was able to bear this posture of bowing upon him. And in this stillness he fell asleep, which they that were by observing, constrained me to go to bed. Considering my condition, and that I might leave my maid servant with him, who might bring me an account of him, I was prevailed with and went to bed. When he awoke he seemed much refreshed, and took great notice of the maid servant, saying 'you are my wife's maid, (for she waited on me in my chamber) where is my wife, how does my boy?' and many particulars he enquired of her concerning me. 'Go to my wife, said he, and tell her that I am almost ready to embrace her, I am so refreshed by my sleep.' She came up and gave me this account, upon which I would have arose and gone down, but she persuaded me not, saying he would go to sleep again, and I should but hinder him; so I sent her down with a message to him, and went to rest, not thinking, according to the description she gave, but there was a possibility of his recovering, so I lay late in the morning.

When I came down I saw he was very much changed, and sadness upon all faces about him, which stunned me, having left him in hopes, as before-mentioned. He spoke affectionately to me, and delivered several weighty and serious expressions. At last he called to me, 'Come my dear, let me kiss thee before I die,' which he did with that heartiness as if he would have left his breath in me. 'Come once more let me kiss

thee and take my leave of thee,' said he, and did in the same manner as before, saying 'now no more, never no more,' which having done, he fell into a very great agony.

He being ill but about seven days of this violent contagious fever, it had not impaired his strength, but inflamed his blood and heightened his spirits, and being a young lusty man, in this agony snapped his arms and legs with such force, that the veins seemed to sound like the snapping of cat-gut tightened upon an instrument of music; oh! this was a dreadful sight to me, my very heart strings seemed to me to break, and to let my heart fall into my belly. The doctor and my husband's Chaplain, and some of the chief officers were by, observing this violent condition, that the bed seemed as if it would fall to pieces under him, considered together what to do, and taking notice that this befel him upon his taking leave of me, they concluded that they must either persuade me or take me by force from the bed; his great love to me, and seeing me there, being the occasion of this, upon which they came to me and desired me to go from the bedside to the fire, for my being there occasioned this deep perplexity, and while I staid there he could not die; which word was so great, so much too big to enter into me, that I, like an astonished, amazed creature, stamped with my foot and cried, die! die! must he die? I cannot go from him: upon which two of them gently lifted me in their arms and carried me to the fire, which was at some distance from the bed, and there held me from going to him again; at which time I wept not, but stood silent and struck. Soon after I was brought from the bed he lay very still, and when they thought his sight was gone, that he could not see me, they let me go; I, standing at his bedside, saw the most amiable pleasant countenance that I ever beheld; just like a person ravished with something that he beheld. Smiling like a young child when (as the saying is) they see angels: he lay about an hour in this condition, and toward sunset he turned quick about, and called upon a kinsman of his 'Anthony come quickly,' at which very instant we heard him come riding into the yard, having come many miles to see him.

Soon after this he died, it being in the twelfth month; when he was dead I could weep. As soon as the breath was out of his body, they immediately took me up into a chamber, and suffered me no more to see him, for fear, in my condition, the sight would affright me. He was put into a coffin the next morning early, and privately carried away in his own ammunition waggon to Ringmore, the parish in which he was born, and where some of his ancestors lay. Being only accompanied by his officers and soldiers, that no notice might be taken of his being buried; because it was expected and intended, that a funeral should be made according to the formalities and manner of one of his condition in the army; accordingly, there was orders given to the officers and soldiers to put themselves in a posture for the time appointed. But when I came to London, and the will was opened, and the condition he died in examined, it was found that things were not in a condition to admit of such a charge, which would have been some hundreds.

He died above two thousand pounds in debt, great part of it contracted by the wars. As 30 *l.* to the Irish business. 500 *l.* to Guild Hall: all his ammunition waggons, tents, furniture and accommodation for him in several engagements, besides going out a volunteer, and keeping a table at Arundel for those of his own company who were volunteers. He had expended so much in those concerns, that all my portion was spent, which was 160 *l.* and his Michaelmas rents were paid him at Arundel, and he had, when he died, but twelve pounds in money in his trunk, and many great sums to be paid in his quarters, and at Arundel, and several other places in his march, for provision, for horses, servants, soldiers, &c. also expences for carriages, waggons, and such like, having paid none of them. Besides all this, there was a mortgage upon his farm, called Chandlers on the Downs, of 300 *l.* or thereabouts, which he took up of his sister's portion: he also mortgaged another part of his land to one Banks, of Maidstone, treasurer of the Kentish regiment, for about 200 *l.* taken up but a few days before he marched to Arundel, for his present ac-

commodation; his Michaelmas rents not being then paid. He also had contracted with captain Courtrop, who had a lease for twenty-one years of his woods at the Firth, to pay him at the expiration of the lease 560 *l.* odd money for standards to be left in the woods, on the non payment of which, he had power to cut down and grub up the woods. This was payable within a year after his death, which was concluded by those who understood it, as necessary to be paid. Now all that was paid him, was that 150 *l.* or 200 *l.* which I sent by the deputy lieutenant, to pay lest the mortgage that was made should be forfeited.

And now my dear child, after I have related what I can at present remember of his parents, his education, marriage, and going into the wars, and death, &c. I will give thee some small hints of the many excellent things that he was eminently exemplary for; as his zeal, generosity, compassionate charitable mind, his justice, affability, ingenuity, activity, industry and courage, without harshness or cruelty.

To mention first, his zeal for the Lord and his cause, (for that it truly was which he engaged for in his day). He began very early to see the superstitious follies and fruitless devotions, both in the ministry and whole worship of the church of England. He abhorred their manner of making and ordaining bishops, and ministers and ecclesiastical officers (so called), the Common Prayer Book, their surplices, and the administration of their sacraments; as their Baptism and the Lord's Supper. This turning in him, proceeded from a glimpse of the dawning of that day, wherein prayer was to be put up in the spirit and in the understanding, and that there was a spirit of prayer and supplication, in which any one might have acceptance with God. Nay, that the very sighs and groans were to go forth from that spirit, which alone can make intercession. He also saw in the little measure of light, according to the dispensations of that day, that the priests were not to preach for hire, but were to be sent of the Lord, and to reach the conscience: this made him decline those false dead ways, and cleave in heart to those called Puritans, amongst whom it was his delight to be exer-

cised in the worship of God, and in their chaste conversation, coupled with fear; for in that day those that feared the Lord went under the nick name of Puritans. He, in all companies would stand very boldly against the doctrine in some points, but more especially the worship of the church of England, and that he might have arguments to overturn them in their own view, and to manifest the truth of what he said to the tender, he was a diligent reader of the scriptures, and kept a commonplace book in his pocket, where he entered scriptures for proof of the right worship, and to reprove their dark formal worship. In the zeal for the Lord, he engaged in the Scotch protestation against all Popery and Popish innovations, and to answer his engagements, he received a commission to be a colonel of foot, (about the time of Edge Hill fight) under the earl of Essex. He furnished himself at his own charge, and went out without pay; afterwards he was made a deputy lieutenant in Kent, in both which undertakings he expressed a great zeal against superstition, encouraging his soldiers, and requiring of them to break down idolatrous pictures and crosses, going into the steeple houses and taking the surplices, and distributing them to women with child. When he was upon the service of searching popish houses, whatever crucifixes, beads and such like trumpery he found, if they were ever so rich, he destroyed them, and reserved not one of them for its comeliness or costly workmanship, nor saved any thing for his own use. I find freedom to mention one passage in this pursuit of destroying popish reliques and pictures. There was a parliament man and deputy lieutenant of the county, a great stirrer in the parliament cause, and his wife a zealous Puritan. This man was assisting to him and his companions, in this searching of popish houses and destroying of pictures, &c; thy grandfather coming one day to their house to visit them, as he passed through the hall he spied several superstitious pictures, as of the crucifixion of Christ, and of his resurrection, and such like very large, that were a great ornament to the hall, and were removed out of their parlour to manifest a neglect of them; but he looked

upon it as a very unequal thing to destroy such things in the popish houses, and leave them in their opposers: he drew out his sword and cut them all out of their frames, and spitted them upon the sword's point and went with them into the parlour, and the woman of the house being there, he said to her, 'what a shame it is that thy husband should be so zealous a prosecutor of the Papists, and spare such things in his own house; but (said he) I have acted with impartial justice and have destroyed them here.' As he was thus zealous, so he was just and merciful; as not converting any of their estates to his own use; nay, refusing to buy any of the goods that were plundered from them, nor ever made use of one pound's worth, I dare aver, of any one thing that belonged to them.

He had very great proffers from those in power, of houses and goods of those called delinquents, and because his diligent care of the parliament's affairs caused his family to be much in London, he rather chose to give twenty shillings a week for lodgings, than touch with any of those things. One considerable instance I shall mention, which was, Leeds Castle in Kent, it was very well furnished, and seized on by the parliament; this was made a garrison, and he intended commander of it, and greatly pressed to make use of the goods, and have his family to live in the castle; he refused it; as also another house, Hollingborn, very well furnished, within a few miles of this castle; giving them an answer to this purpose, that he durst not make use of any man's estate or goods, nor dwell in any man's sequestered house, much less this that was his uncle's, Sir Thomas Culpeper.

He was also so merciful in his administering justice, that I never heard of any man that could rightly charge him of unmercifulness to any of the persons he was concerned with, in the cause he was engaged in. And thus, as to those particular concerns, the whole frame of his mind and temper and course of life was in the exercise of compassion and charity, of which there have been many instances given me by persons who observed him, in the places where he was engaged and quartered, besides what I myself

have seen, having had converse with him from twelve years old to his dying day: one I shall mention, that I had from the mayor of Maidstone in Kent. He brought me a bill of 3*l*. after my husband was dead, with his hand to it, telling me, that as he was walking in the street with him, a poor man was going to prison, and he made a most miserable moan, whereat thy grandfather stopped the bailiff and asked him what they were taking him to prison for; they answered, for debt; at which he said, 'You shall not carry him; Mr. Mayor, lay down the money, and I will see it discharged.'

He was very generous in his assistance and return of kindnesses; also very frequent in alms-deeds, especially at the time when the Irish protestants came over, after the massacre there; also to the plundered ministers and maimed soldiers who were wounded in the army. He rarely gave less than twenty shillings at a time, at the private fasts where these sufferings were presented before him, and that was constantly once a week, and sometimes twice. I shall mention here a very remarkable passage of his charity to those of Ireland. We were at a fast in Milk-street, in London, where one Thomas Case, a Puritan preacher, as they were then called, set forth in a doleful manner the great distress that the Irish protestants were in, and the need they stood in of assistance to get over to England. He related it so affectingly that it pierced my husband greatly, and as he was writing the sermon after him, he felt an engagement in his mind to give 2*l*. Afterwards he considered that this was determined when he was warmed with a sense of their misery, and as he grew cooler, he might be drawn from the engagement of his mind; whereupon he took his book, and wrote a most solemn engagement before the Lord to perform it, when he came home, setting his name to it, and using such like expressions as these, that his handwriting should be a witness against him when all was over. There were appointed two men of quality to stand at the door with basins, to receive the collections for the Irish protestants, and some others who were officers, appointed for the maimed soldiers. My husband, as

he passed out, put in five pieces of gold to the Irish, and one piece into the other basin; so he went away and said nothing to me of it. But when we came to our lodging, he refused to sup, but went up to writing; after some time, he called me, and bid me fetch fifteen pounds in a bag. When I brought it, and he had taken it from me, he spoke to me to this purpose: 'Now I have made sure of the thing, I will acquaint thee what it is to do;' so he told me the business and read to me the engagement in his book, and the letter he had wrote to this Thomas Case, giving him an account how it was with him, not setting his name to it, declaring that he had given it to the Lord and desired to be unknown and unnoticed. His footboy was sent away with this money and letter sealed up, with these orders: that he should obscure what livery he wore by turning his coat the wrong side outwards, when he came near the place, and to deliver the money and letter into his hands, and not to stay to be asked any questions. Next day, those who received the collections came to T. C.'s house, saying how very bountiful one young gentleman had been, in putting in five pieces; at which T. C. replied, 'Last night late I received fifteen pounds from the same person, he determining to give twenty pounds, but had no more about him, at that time, that he could spare, except that five pounds.'

The next First Day, or in a few First Days after this, T. C. provoked the people to enlarge their bounty, by this gallant young gentleman's example, and there related the whole business, but chiefly took notice of his endeavour not to be known in the matter.

He was of a most courteous and affable carriage towards all, most ingeniously inclined, from a very lad, carving and forming things with his knife, for his tools. So industriously active, that he rarely was idle; for when he could not be employed abroad in shooting at a mark, with guns, pistols, cross-bows or long-bows, managing his horses, (which he brought up and managed himself, teaching them boldness in charging, and such things as were needful for service) when he could not, as I said, be thus engaged

abroad, then he would fence within doors, make cross bow-strings, placing the sight with that accuracy as if it had been his trade; or casting of bullets of all sorts, that were for his carbines, feathering his arrows, or pulling his watch to pieces, to string it, or mend any defect; taking the house clock to pieces, training his servants and himself, using of postures of war, according to books he had for that purpose.

He was also a great artist in shooting and fishing and making of lines and ordering of baits, and things for that purpose. He was a great lover of coursing, and managed his dogs himself.

He was most affectionately tender to me and his child, beyond what I have known or observed in any, the circumstances considered of his youth, gallantry and active mind, which created him a great deal of business, that might have occasioned a stop in his tender regard to us; but, on the contrary, I do not remember that he ever let an opportunity slip of acquainting me with his condition when absent, either by writing or message. He hath often wrote letters at the places where he baited, on purpose to send to me by travellers, that he might meet on the road, and when he was engaged at the fight at Newberry, after the battle was over he gave the messenger (that was sent to the parliament to acquaint them with the issue of the battle) one piece, only to knock at the door of my lodgings in Black Friars, and leave word that he saw him well after the battle, there being time for no more, which message of his in all probability saved my life, I being with child of thy mother, and was sick of the measles, which could not come out, because of the exercise of my mind, by reason of my having heard of the battle. This message was left between three and four in the morning; at the hearing of which, the oppression was rolled off my spirits and stomach, like the removal of a great stone, and the measles came immediately forth.

I must add to all this gentleness, sweetness, compassion, affability and courtesy, a courage without harshness or cruelty, but undaunted in what he went about, which was rare to be found with the above-

mentioned excellencies. He was of a generous mind, which made him very liberal in rewards, and bountiful in return for kindnesses. He was also very hospitable; his generous mind delighted in the entertaining of those who were engaged in the cause with him, not in excess, but in great freedom and heartiness. This was always seasoned with savoury and edifying discourse, in which he would encourage others and rejoice in their encouragement: that the Lord went out with their host, and returned with them, to make mention of his gracious dealings with them.

MR. DUPONCEAU'S DISCOURSE.*

The learned and eloquent author of this discourse is well known as one of the most active members of the society before which it was delivered. His researches, in conjunction with Mr. Heckewelder, into the history and language of the Lenni Lenape, have been productive of many valuable and interesting facts. By his sagacious industry much has been recovered from oblivion, for the advantage of future historians, and the elucidation of that still dark but important problem, the descent of languages. The theme of the present address is the history of Pennsylvania, a topic which has never been properly treated, but which affords a fine subject for the talents of a philosophical historian. A survey is taken of our early annals, which, though necessarily rapid, proves that the orator had examined them with close attention, and formed a masterly judgment of the principal characters of the period. We hasten to present our readers with some extracts from this interesting performance.

The want of a suitable history of Pennsylvania is lamented by Mr. Duponceau at the outset of his discourse. Proud's work is spoken of as crude and imperfect, considered

* *A discourse on the early history of Pennsylvania*; being an annual oration delivered before the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful knowledge; pursuant to their appointment, in the hall of the University of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, the 6th of June, 1821. By Peter S. Duponceau, LL. D. one of the Vice-Presidents of the society. Published by order. *Juvat in sylvis habitare.*

as a history; but valuable as a chronicle of our earlier times. The labours of professor Ebeling of Hamburgh, remarkable, when we consider the limited knowledge of this country that exists in Europe, are highly commended.

"In the small space of one duodecimo volume, he has condensed the whole history of this state from its first settlement to the year 1802. His narrative is well connected throughout, drawn up in plain and unaffected language, and without pretensions to literary ornament; yet his style pleases from that very simplicity. It is close and methodical, and particularly distinguished by great perspicuity. His facts have been obtained from the most authentic sources, and his authorities are regularly quoted. It contains few errors, and those but trifling, and such as may be amended in a translation. This work is not encumbered with tedious documents, crowded with uninteresting details, or swelled with unnecessary notes. The author displays great discernment in his selection of facts, and impartiality in his delineation of characters, and does not appear to have been swayed by any feelings but those which become an historian.

"Your Historical Committee were early sensible of the value of this book, and at their recommendation, a learned member of this society* undertook its translation, which is now ready for the press. It is to be hoped that it will soon be published, and that its sale will amply reward the publisher. Its size and its merit peculiarly recommend it to be used as a school book throughout this extensive state."

Still, says Mr. D. "Pennsylvania wants an historian." Why should she labour under the deficiency, when this discourse proves that the author possesses sufficient requisites for the honourable undertaking? He seems to intimate an intention to have attempted it, when he says

"If I had but talents equal to my zeal, neither my advanced age nor the weight of professional avocations should stand in the way of my ambition to become the historian of this great and important state; but I need not regret my deficiency, while there are others so eminently qualified for the task, and to whom the country looks for its execution. I shall have attained the object of my wishes if my weak efforts shall stimulate some one among those men of highly gifted minds to this honourable undertaking."

The beautiful spectacle exhibited by the young commonwealth, is well described in the following passage:

* John Eberle, M. D. of this city.

"What country on earth ever presented such a spectacle as this fortunate commonwealth held out to view for the space of near one hundred years, realizing all that fable ever invented or poetry ever sang of an imaginary golden age. Happy country, whose unparalleled innocence already communicates to thy history the interest of romance! Should Pennsylvanians hereafter degenerate, they will not need, like the Greeks, a fabulous Arcadia to relieve the mind from the prospect of their crimes and follies, and to redeem their own vices by the fancied virtues of their forefathers. Pennsylvania once realized what never existed before except in fabled story. Not that her citizens were entirely free from the passions of human nature, for they were mere men and not angels; but it is certain that no country on earth ever exhibited such a scene of happiness, innocence and peace, as was witnessed here during the first century of our social existence.

"I well remember them, those patriarchal times, when simple, yet not inelegant manners prevailed every where among us; when rusticity was devoid of roughness, and polished life diffused its mild radiance around, unassuming and unenvied; when society was free from the constraint of etiquette and parade; when love was not crossed by avarice or pride, and friendships where unbroken by ambition and intrigue. This was the spectacle which Pennsylvania offered even in the midst of the storms of our revolution, and which she continued to exhibit until a sudden influx of riches broke in upon the land, and brought in its train luxury, more baneful than war.* This torrent has been checked in its course; we are gradually returning to those moderate habits, which we never should have abandoned. But we are too far advanced in population and arts ever to see our ancient manners restored in their primitive purity; all that we can do now is to preserve their memory in the historical page, as a subject of pride to our descendants, and of admiration to succeeding generations through the world."

The character of our illustrious law-giver is thus portrayed.

"William Penn stands the first among the law givers whose names and deeds are recorded in history. Shall we compare with him Lycurgus, Solon, Romulus, those founders of military commonwealths, who organized their citizens in dreadful array against the rest of their species, taught them to consider their fellow men as barbarians, and themselves as alone worthy to rule over the earth? What benefit did mankind derive from their boasted institutions? In-

* Sævior armis
Luxuria incubuit.—LUCAN.

terrogate the shades of those who fell in the mighty contests between Athens and Lacedæmon, between Carthage and Rome, and between Rome and the rest of the universe. But see our William Penn, with weaponless hands, sitting down peaceably with his followers in the midst of savage nations whose only occupation was shedding the blood of their fellow men, disarming them by his justice, and teaching them, for the first time, to view a stranger without distrust. See them bury their tomahawks in his presence, so deep that man shall never be able to find them again. See them under the shade of the thick groves of Coaquannock extend the bright chain of friendship, and solemnly promise to preserve it as long as the sun and moon shall endure. See him then with his companions establishing his commonwealth on the sole basis of religion, morality and universal love, and adopting as the fundamental maxim of his government the rule handed down to us from heaven, 'Glory to God on high, and on earth peace and good will to men.'

Here was a spectacle for the potentates of the earth to look upon, an example for them to imitate. But the potentates of the earth did not see, or if they saw, they turned away their eyes from the sight; they did not hear, or if they heard, they shut their ears against the voice which called out to them from the wilderness,

Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.

"The character of William Penn alone sheds a never fading lustre upon our history. No other state in this union can boast of such an illustrious founder; none began their social career under auspices so honourable to humanity. Every trait of the life of that great man, every fact and anecdote of those golden times, will be sought for by our descendants with avidity, and will furnish many an interesting subject for the fancy of the novelist, and the enthusiasm of the Poet."

The orator then takes a cursory view of the European settlements in the state, first by the Swedes, then by the Dutch, and finally by the English. To the equity and mildness of the Swedish government a just tribute is paid. Few memorials, however, remain of their power and authority.

"On Tinicum Island," says Mr. D. "rose the fortress of New Gottenburgh, the metropolis of the Swedish American empire. Here, says their historian Campanius, governor Printz built an elegant mansion-house for himself and his dependants, with a garden, a pleasure-house, and other appurtenances.* There a church was built,

* He gave it the name of *Printzhoff*.—CAMPANIUS.

and there the principal inhabitants had their houses and plantations. What is become of that seat of luxury and grandeur? Not a trace of its former glory is to be seen; it lies waste and desolate, tenanted only by grazing cattle, and near it, where, perhaps, formerly stood one of those handsome dwellings which the historian describes, is an impure lazaretto, the chosen abode of pestilence and death. Such are the vicissitudes which our young country has already experienced."

The author then gives a graphical view of the arrival of William Penn, which he has sketched out with vigour and fidelity for the historical painter.

"The landing at New Castle," says Mr. Duponceau, "will be more than once the favourite subject of the painter's pencil. He will choose the instant when William Penn has just landed with his principal followers, while the others are still on board the vessel, or in the boats making for the shore. There you see him, supported by his friend Pearson. From his manly port, and the resolution which his countenance displays, you would take him to be a warrior, if the mild philanthropy which beams from his eyes did not reveal his profession, still more than the simplicity of his garb. He who stands before him in British regimentals, and whom he shakes affectionately by the hand, is his relation Markham, whom he had sent in the preceding year to explore the land and prepare the way for the new settlers. Those on the right, a numerous band, are your honoured ancestors, some of whom accompanied him on the voyage, and others had arrived before, and are now assembled here to greet him. There stand Pemberton, Moore, Yardley, Waln, Lloyd, Pusey, Chapman, Wood, Hollingsworth, Rhoades, Hall, Gibbons, Bonsall, Sellers, Claypoole, whose ancestors, not many years before, ruled the destinies of the British empire;* West, one of whose descendants will charm the world by his magic pencil, and for whose name and fame rival nations will, in after ages, contend; and many other worthies whom it would be too long to enumerate. On the left is a number of Swedes, whom their national dress, light hair, and northern countenances, sufficiently designate: there you see the brothers Swanson,† who own the ground on which the city of Philadelphia is soon to stand, and whose name one of our streets will perpetuate. With them are Stille, Bankson,‡ Kempe, Rambo, Peterson, and several others whose names still live in their descendants. Their leader

is Lacy Cock,* whose merit entitles him to a seat in the first council of the new commonwealth. Observe how he extends his hands; promising, in the name of his countrymen, to love, serve and obey their revered proprietor, and declaring that this is the best day they ever saw. The Dutch are disseminated through the town which was built by them, as you may easily perceive by the sharp pointed roofs of their houses. They smoke their pipes in silence; and, after their manner, partake of the general joy.

"But see, close to that half ruined fort, this motley group of Indians, whose anxiety manifests itself on their countenances, and who view the new comers with looks in which suspicion seems as yet to predominate. They are the Lenni Lenape, whose history and manners are already familiar to you. At their head TAMANEND,‡ the great and the good, who is said never to have had his equal for virtue and goodness, and whose memory is still held in veneration by the savage nations. His eye is steadily fixed on William Penn! His great mind has already discovered in him a congenial soul; alone among his tribe, he shows by his looks that noble confidence which will not be deceived. He it is, who under that elm tree, which many of us have seen in its vigour, but which, alas! has not long since been destroyed by the violence of the winter storm, will sign that famous treaty which the genius of West has immortalised, and which a great writer of another nation§ has, with more wit than truth, described as the only one which was never sworn to and never broken. Nor was it violated while Penn lived, nor while the ascendancy of his great mind was yet operating among us. Afterwards, indeed!—but I will not anticipate on the painful duty of the historian."

We concur with the orator that this memorable landing, which took place on the 21st of October 192, ought to be celebrated on every returning anniversary. It is strength-

* *Lars or Lawrence Cock*, corrupted into *Lacy Cock*.

† The same whom we call *St. Tammany*. For his character, see Heckewelder's *History of the Indian Nations*, chap. xi. In 1692, we find him by the name of *King TAMINENT*, a party to a deed of release of a tract of land lying between Neshaminy and Poquessing, on the river Delaware, and extending backwards to the utmost bounds of the province. This land he, with others, had previously sold to William Penn. In 1697, he, by the name of the *great Schem TAMINENT*, with his brother and sons, signed another deed for lands between Pennospeck and Neshaminy creeks. See Smith's *Laws of Pennsylvania*, vol. ii. pp. 111, 112.

‡ *Voltaire*.

ening and refreshing to turn our thoughts back to that age of lofty minds and steady enthusiasm, which produced the Pilgrims of Massachusetts, and the Quakers of Pennsylvania. The characters and principles of these ancestors, can never be too often brought to our recollection. When at each anniversary we are reminded of their courage and fortitude, the order, wisdom, and liberality of their political system, we may have reason to feel humbled at a comparison of ourselves with them; but we shall be proud of our lineage, and grateful to Providence for stamping by the successful progress of this flourishing commonwealth, the truth of those principles of republicanism and morality, upon which it has been conducted. The particular religious tenets of the sect to which the first emigrants belonged, are not connected with the question of honouring their memory by a public celebration. All denominations may unite in doing homage to those, by whom the principle of universal toleration was first incorporated with a system of laws.

We must return to the discourse from which we can extract no more than the following sketches of the first governors of Pennsylvania:

"It will be the duty of the historian to trace the origin, and mark the rise and consequences of those unhappy feuds which so long agitated Pennsylvania, and embittered the whole life of our illustrious founder. He will find much to be ascribed to the weakness or wickedness of the different lieutenant governors, who ruled the province while William Penn lived, and for some time after his death. With a faithful and impartial pencil, he will delineate the characters of those who successively filled that important station. He will describe Evans, a rash, intemperate, and licentious young man, ignorant of the people he was called upon to govern, and entirely unfit or the trust committed to him; Gookin, an open-hearted, honest old soldier, better calculated for the field than for the cabinet; and Keith, a desperate intriguer, who courted the favour of the people by the sacrifice of his duty to his patrons, and whom that people justly rewarded, in the end, with their contempt and neglect. With the same correct and steady hand, he will portray the other prominent characters, who figured in these scenes. In David Lloyd he will show a man of strong natural and acquired talents, bred in a revolutionary school, skilled in the dangerous art of dividing and leading popular assemblies, tena-

* The Claypoole family are lineally descended from the protector Oliver Cromwell.

† Their original name was *Swenson*.
‡ Originally *Bengtson*.

cious of his ends, too little scrupulous about the means, and indulging his personal resentments against the proprietor at the expense of the happiness and welfare of his country; while in his antagonist, James Logan, he will have to describe a character of a far different stamp; a man of profound learning, skilled in the useful as well as in the elegant sciences; one possessed of a strong and correct judgment, faithful to his trust, and of unshaken integrity, but whose stern Roman virtue, could not stoop to defeat by similar means, the intrigues of his adversaries; therefore the world misjudged him; but his great patron knew him well; and appreciated his worth, and he preserved his confidence and that of his family to the last day of his life. History will do him justice, and destroy the unfounded prejudice which a too celebrated book* has excited against him.

The discourse concludes with a deserved eulogium upon the character of the late Dr. Logan.

ANALECTA.

ON EPICURISM.

BY AN AMATEUR.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

This is a subject which ought not to be entered upon in a state of repletion, lest the sated appetite should produce a languor and carelessness of description, most injurious to the merits of the theme: still less should it be attempted when the cravings of hunger distract our thoughts; for where is the famished gourmand sufficiently firm and resolute to sit immovable at his pen, when it is employed in the praise of curries and ragoûts; and when mock-turtle soup is called up in ideal lustre before his eyes, will he not start from his seat, and fly to the nearest tavern, to taste its substantial charms? The interval between a light and moderate luncheon, and the hour appointed for dinner, appears to be the most judicious season for composing an essay of this nature: partial satisfaction has blunted the keener edge of hunger, while the joyful prospect of the more ample and delicious meal to come, may impart vigour to the style, and suggest a thousand savoury images to the fancy. In such a state, and at such a time, I commence my present labours, anxious to do all possible justice to a subject more than commonly interesting and important.

* The Historical Review, ascribed, perhaps unjustly, to Dr. Franklin.

There are, it is true, a few persons in the world who amuse themselves with decrying the merits of the art, of which I am now the humble panegyrist; who affect to despise its more refined and exquisite branches; and who talk of plain boiled beef, and roast leg of mutton, as if they were the *ne plus ultra* of culinary lore. To those who are sincere in these professions, I have nothing to say—I pity them, as I pity the deaf man, who depreciates the melodies he cannot hear; but I have every reason to believe, that the greater proportion of these slanderers are the victims of bile and indigestion, who delight in calumniating those rich and savoury viands, of which they dare not partake.

Others, again, are mere hypocrites, who pretend to be wiser than their neighbours, only while temptation is at a distance: place them before a well-spread table, and mark how roast-beef and boiled chicken will sue them in vain, while the rich *haricot*, the piquant *ragout*, and the delicious turtle, are as dear to them as to the greatest of professed gourmands. As Pomfret refuted the charge of aversion from matrimony by exhibiting a wife, so a man of this description, if accused of holding heterodox opinions on cookery, might appeal triumphantly to his practice, and exclaim, '*Sit next me at a feast.*'

But where is the merit of desisting good eating? Eat we must—our nature happily requires the pleasing penalty; then why not eat of the best we can procure? It would be as wise to shut our ears when Stephens or Philomel are singing, and open them only to the croaking of frogs and the clatter of termagants—to close our eyes upon Richmond Hill, and look about us in Tothill Street—as to persist in eating boiled neck of mutton and sparrow pudding, when venison and French pie are courting our acceptance. We leave such mortification to the sickly, the tasteless, and the ascetic; and we boldly avow that love of eating the best, and drinking the best, which is consistent with the aspiring nature of the human mind, and sanctioned by the example of some of our greatest patriots, and most learned divines.

Happy are we who live in the nineteenth century, and in London; happier, still happier, those who live in the nineteenth century, and in

Paris. Paris—one's mouth waters at the very name, and a thousand images of savoury dishes, dimly seen through rising exhalations, flit before one's eyes. Oh, Paris! well mayest thou boast of thy "*Almanac des Gourmands*," and glory in a work unequalled, unattempted by any other nation in the world; and though no epic poem may convey thy language to future ages, yet shall it survive while *fricassées*, *ragoûts*, and *sauces piquantes*, are dear to the heart, and pleasing to the palate of man. Antiquity must have been a terrible time to live in, and Sparta and Consular Rome most disagreeable places of residence. The bon-vivant of to-day turns, shocked and disgusted, from the black-broth, pulse, and meagre fare of the ancients; and his refined taste bestows due contempt on sayings like the following—"The man who can dine on turnips, is not likely to betray his country," stamped though they be with the silly approbation of ages. Agesilaus, Lycurgus, and Cincinnatus, may have been brave warriors and wise men, but fortunate are we who are not obliged to accept an invitation to dine with them; they would prove but indifferent table-companions, and most unpleasant hosts. Even Athens, famed as she was for pre-eminence in wisdom and in science, appears to have been little skilled in the higher branches of cookery; and the amiable efforts of the learned translator of Aristophanes to rescue the city of Minerva from this disgraceful imputation, proved less successful than his attempt to introduce the Greek comedian to the notice and the favour of English readers.

Triumvirate and Imperial Rome endeavoured to atone for previous barbarism, by an enormous expense and boundless profusion in the luxuries of the table; and men like Lucullus, Apicius, Cælius, &c. deserve to have lived in the days of turtle, and of French sauces. But even by these the real art of good eating was but imperfectly understood; quantity seems to have been considered more than quality, and rarity stamped an undue value on many most insipid articles, and gave undeserved celebrity to the brains of peacocks, and the tongues of singing birds. We do not now consider that dish as necessarily the most delicious

which costs the most money; and though we relish peas when they are a guinea a quart, and mackerel at fifteen shillings a-piece, yet we turn with more sincere and abiding affection towards the little made dishes, which, artfully concocted by the magic hand of a good cook, charm the palate by the judicious combination of various cheap and common ingredients.

If from Athens, Sparta, and Rome, we turn our eyes towards those nations who exist in a savage state, the Hottentots, the Esquimaux, or wild Americans, how does the benevolent mind shrink from contemplating the barbarous and degraded state of their eating propensities! Cookery, as a science, can scarcely be said to exist among them at all; nor can we ever expect to see them attain any considerable degree of civilization, till their minds have acquired more elevated notions on the subject. Yet, in the accounts which travellers have written of man in his lowest state, capabilities of better things are occasionally discernible; and we behold with pleasure indications of that love of eating much, eating long, and eating of the best which is to be had, which are the distinguishing characteristics of a *grand Gourmand*.

The Calif Merwan II. could never see a sheep without wrapping his hand in the corner of his robe, and tearing out the kidney, which he instantly devoured. After eating his *bonne-bouche*, he used to call for a clean habit; and in consequence of this becoming attention to personal neatness, when he died, ten thousand greasy vests were found in his wardrobe. This anecdote is shocking to our delicate ears; yet we should not be too severe in our animadversions upon poor Merwan, and should remember, that if a *grand gourmand* of to-day could be persuaded that the Calif's favourite *morceau* was really and indisputably of exquisite and unrivalled flavour, he would think himself justified in endeavouring to obtain it whenever and wherever he could, and a considerable briskness would immediately take place in the manufacture of the silks and stuffs of which the gowns of our city corporation are composed.

To a single man (and all genuine *gourmands* ought to be single,) in easy circumstances, there can scarce-

ly ever occur, in the course of twenty-four hours, a more important and interesting event than his dinner. To order, to anticipate, to eat, and to remember it, form ample occupation and amusement for the day; and if, perchance, instead of dining at home, he is invited to share the repast of a fellow *connoisseur*, curiosity, wonder, hope, and fear, keep his mind in a state of agreeable agitation during the morning. It has been asserted by moralists, that in no state or condition of life can we find ourselves without duties to perform, and temptations to resist; and, assuredly, the epicure who seats himself at the well spread dinner-table, with taste and appetite to relish its luxuries, has too often, alas! abundant opportunity for the exercise of patience, good-humour, and self-command. Perhaps he finds himself in a company of which ladies form a large proportion, and he sees the venison helping, the fat diminishing, the gravy cooling; while, by an absurd custom, those least capable of appreciating their excellences, are receiving the best slices, in their best state. Is there no merit in smoothing the brow, and refraining the tongue, under circumstances like these?

Or, peradventure his discriminating eye has detected the peculiar merits of some exquisite *ragout*, whose odours he can distinguish amidst the mingled exhalations of the table, as Catalani's notes might be heard amidst the tumult of the loudest chorus. He anticipates the pleasure to come; his eye glances occasionally from his plate to the envied corner where the *ragout* stands;—alas! he perceives that others have discovered its excellences, and that the favourite dish is rapidly diminishing;—he redoubles his haste; he hurries the venison, insufficiently masticated, down his throat; he even sends his plate away, with several choice morsels upon it, and then, bending across the table, he hastily and distinctly articulates, "I will trouble you, sir, for some of ——" the unfinished sentence ends in "a quaver of consternation," the last portion is this moment assigned to the plate of a more fortunate claimant, and the unhappy *gourmand* must content himself with a less exquisite dainty, and "dress his face with artificial smiles."

Again, some ignorant or malicious idiot helps him, in the most cruel and inconsiderate manner, to the wing of a woodcock, or gives him less than his due share of fat, or gravy, or forcemeat-balls; or sends him giblet-soup, with scarcely any of the sweet and tender article from which it derives its name; and instead of showing his anger, the indignant *gourmand* courteously bows, assumes a smile of grateful obligation, and with admirable self-command, "*premit altum corde dolorem*." Is not this an exercise of good-temper and good-breeding rarely equalled in the common intercourse of society? And if some there are unequal to so difficult a task; if the angry glance, the impatient gesture, the fretful exclamation, will occasionally escape, let us be slow in condemning our brethren; let us remember that their provocation is great, and that, though

"What's done we partly may compute,
We know not what's resisted"

But happy he who has only to exercise his patience and politeness before a table covered with well-dressed delicacies, compared with the unfortunate man who visits at a house where a female cook is kept, or who has been betrayed, by some sad chance, into dining in the *friendly way*. Odious, libellous expression! Pea-soup, a dish of cheap fish, a joint of mutton, boiled fowls, bacon garnished with greens, and a pudding, compose the entertainment; and this is called a *friendly dinner*, as if it were the part of a friend to feed you with the most insipid viands, and give you as little gratification as possible.

Poverty is, in general, an effectual preventive from good eating, and is often pleaded as the insufficient excuse of those who tempt *gourmands* from their own houses and their own *ragouts*, compel them to share, for a time, the worst evils of adversity, and poison them with *friendly dinners*. Yet men there are whose energetic minds may be said to conquer Fate, and to rise superior to the caprices of fortune; and with such a one it was formerly my lot to be intimately acquainted.

Henry Manners and myself were united, both at school and at college, by the magnetic influence of similar tastes and pursuits, and we nursed our friendship by a thousand little

offices of civility and kindness. If Harry shot a hare, he was sure to invite me to sup with him; and if I chanced to purchase a peculiarly fine Stilton cheese, I willingly divided it with my friend. When we left Cambridge, I repaired to my paternal estates in the North of England, while Manners was placed by his father in a merchant's house in town. Years passed away, and we saw little of each other; till at length, tired of a country-life, and of the trouble of keeping up hot-houses, rearing sea kale, and forcing strawberries, I resolved to remove to London, where these, and all other luxuries, might be procured in perfection, and from whence an occasional trip to Paris could be easily effected. I found Manners living in superb style: his business had succeeded; he had married a woman with money, and he spent his wealth in the most judicious and hospitable manner. I generally dined with him once or twice a week, and some of the happiest moments of my life were spent at his table, where every thing rare and delicious was collected, and from turtle soup down to melted butter, all was excellent, all was perfect. But, alas! these pleasures soon came to a conclusion—poor Harry became a bankrupt, left his mansion in Grosvenor-square, retired to an obscure abode in the city, and was supported by his wife's jointure. Of course I was very shy of visiting him, avoided him as much as possible, and invariably refused all his invitations to dinner. He readily guessed my motives, and one day meeting me as he was coming out of Birch's, he said, "Come, come, I see you are afraid of shoul-der of mutton, and suet pudding; but try me *once*, only *once*, and if you do not like your fare, never come again. Do you remember my veal-olives and lobster-curry?" The last words were accompanied by a melancholy smile; and certain that Harry was too kind-hearted to tantalize and deceive me, I promised to dine with him on the following day. Then indeed was I convinced that "the mind is its own place," for never in his most prosperous days had my friend appeared more truly amiable and happy than in the little, meanly-furnished room where we dined. Soup of the first quality, exquisite collared salmon, chicken

with *bechamel* sauce, (I remember it even now with pleasure) patties, the promised veal-olives and currie, Oxford dumplings, and some small joint which I did not taste, composed our entertainment; and these good things were all admirably cooked. The wine, too, was excellent of its sort, and a silver stand of rare essences and sauces, which my friend had saved from the wreck of his fortunes, made both my eyes and my mouth water. "Do I see you *here*?" thought I, "Oh how unlike the place from whence you *came*!" But Harry seemed undisturbed by unpleasant remembrances, and during dinner every trace of care was banished from his countenance. Not so his wife: she sat silent and gloomy at the head of the table, appeared annoyed by my praises of her fare, and when I panegyricized a new and expensive dish, gravely remarked, "that it was needless to describe its excellencies to people whose present circumstances forbade, or ought to forbid all useless expense." I had never had a very high opinion of Mrs. Manners, who in the days of her prosperity used to dine on the plainest dish at table; and I now sincerely pitied my friend for having such a helpmate in adversity. However, when she had left the room, I heard to my surprise, that to her personal exertions in most instances, and her superintending care in all, the dinner I had so much admired owed its charms. "We are too poor," said Harry, "to keep a good cook, and as I *must* have something fit to eat, Mary is obliged to dress my made-dishes herself. She got the receipts from our former French cook, and I *must* say manages very well, considering she was never used to any thing of the kind; but she makes an everlasting grumbling about expense."

After this, I dined several times with my valued friend, but ere long he was obliged to take up his abode in the King's Bench, whither his wife accompanied him: I saw him no more, and in six or seven months heard that he had died suddenly of apoplexy. His widow resides in the country, and when I wrote to her for one of her receipts, did not vouchsafe me an answer. She is bringing up her only son in the most ridiculous manner, makes him live on the plainest food, will not allow

him to be rewarded by cakes and sweetmeats, and requests her acquaintance not to talk of eating in his presence as if it were a matter of any importance. My blood boils at this insult to the memory of my friend. Could he know how his son is being educated!—but I hasten to quit this melancholy theme.

Since the peace, I have spent a great deal of my time in Paris, where I improve my culinary skill, and gratify my accurate taste by study, observation, and experience. Never do I leave its walls without regret, "*Cebra relinquendis infigimus oscula portis, Iovis superant limina sacra pedes.*"

Rutilius.

There are many peculiarities in French cookery disagreeable to un-ined palates; among the rest the frequent use of garlic and of oil: yet how delicious to some persons is the taste of the latter ingredient may be seen by the following anecdote, which exemplifies, in the strongest manner, the domineering power of a favourite dish over the feelings and affections of the human mind.

Fontenelle, the celebrated French author, was particularly fond of asparagus dressed with oil; but he was intimately acquainted with an abbé, who loved to eat this delicious vegetable served up with butter. One day, the abbé dropped in unexpectedly to dinner, and Fontenelle, who had ordered his favourite dish, with great kindness directed that half should be dressed with oil, and the rest with butter. The value of this sacrifice is proved by the sequel of the story. The abbé falling down dead in a fit, Fontenelle, without a moment's delay, darted to the top of the stairs, and exclaimed to the cook—"Dress the *whole* with oil, the *whole* with oil, as I told you before."

Two works have been recently published in London, which I can conscientiously recommend to the lovers of my favourite science: "*Apicius Redivivus*," and "*Tabella Cibaria*." The former is a book of receipts, preceded by a most admirable preface, and dedicated to "tasteful palates, keen appetites, and capacious stomachs." The author affirms that he has eaten of every receipt in his book, and that each may be said to have been written

"with a pen in one hand, and a spit in the other." He has 103 compositions upon cookery in his own library, all of which he has attentively read; and were it not for a few contemptuous expressions concerning French cooks, I should have it in my power to recommend Apicius beyond all his English predecessors. He urgently advises strict attention to the due mastication of food, as essential to present enjoyment and future comfort; but he appears to think that solid meat requires between thirty and forty movements of the jaw, which is surely an exaggerated statement. His motto is, however, deserving of the attention of all prudent *gourmands*.

"Masticate, denticate, chump, grind, and swallow."

He recommends the immediate administration of two doses of medicine to your cook, when your dishes are not seasoned with customary skill, and proposes that this should be one of the agreements at the time of hiring.

"*Tabella Cibaria*," or the bill of fare, is a short Latin poem in good hexameters and pentameters. A waiter at a French tavern is supposed to enumerate the various dishes which he can bring to table, and the author has, with considerable ingenuity, discovered and constructed classical terms which express, with sufficient accuracy, the names of modern dishes and ingredients. But the notes are, in my opinion, the most valuable part of the volume; they are in English, and contain much useful information upon French cookery, many curious anecdotes, and many ways of making the simplest dishes become (to use the writer's own words) "*extremely interesting*."

And now, my Readers, farewell; and if I have succeeded in opening the eyes of any mature or embryo *gourmand* to a sense of his real character, and induced him to bestow the energies of a rational and immortal mind, capable of all that is noble and good, where they may be most honourable to himself and useful to others, I am satisfied; and as virtue is ever its own reward, my morning labours will doubtless be repaid by an unusual appetite for dinner.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

[We select the following passages from a new volume of travels in this country, by a member of the society of Friends. They serve to prove that liberality of sentiment is not confined to the pages of the Quarterly Review, and that in veracity and kindness of feeling towards us, even Fearon and Ash may be surpassed.]

Whoever comes here, should come with his eyes and ears open, and with the confirmed notion, that he is going to deal with sharpers.

I have stated, in a former letter, the causes which tend to bind a purchaser to the soil, and make him a pauper and a slave upon it; add to this, the extremes of heat and cold,—the tormenting and disgusting swarms of vermin, not merely infesting your plantations and devouring every green leaf in your fields, but crawling in your houses, and attacking your persons. I have given a catalogue of plagues, which a man must have courage and discontent in abundance, to steel him to encounter.

For those who, in any degree, prize social enjoyments, this, I am confident, is not the land.

There have been, doubtless, many noble and generous souls, who, indignant at oppression and adoring liberty, civil or religious have sought it here; but these were lost in the mighty overwhelming multitude of those whom the sentence of violated laws, or crimes which inspired the fear of them, had banished—of those who had swindled the public, and gulled a host of creditors, and escaped hither with the spoil—and of those who, without education, without moral principles, or any other resource, had scraped together just enough to land them on this shore of adventurous fame: a mingled mass of the lowest of all countries, with hearts that had shown their little sympathy with their fellow-men, by their easy contempt of the *amor patriæ*, and whose leading star was a thirst of possession, that every thing, particularly since the revolution, has tended at once to stimulate and debauch.

The real Yankee deems himself authorised to indulge his own will, and to break the slavish bonds of decorum and respect. Like the Swiss peasant, who, at the point of death, avowing his enmity to his murderer, and being asked by his priest, if he meant to go to hell,—in a passion which extinguished life, exclaimed, "I am a free Switzer, and can go where I please."† The confirmed American is without bounds to his licence and his pride.

Many of them are not satisfied with

* * Selections from Letters written during a tour through the United States, in the summer and autumn of 1819, &c. by E. HOWITT. 12mo.

† Zimmerman's Solitude.

asking and seeing, they retain some of the nimble-fingered propensities of their ancestors. They use their freedom to take what they please. Near Power's Tavern, Pennsylvania, I gathered some remarkably large and beautiful bunches of fox grapes, which I carried upwards of three hundred miles, and got them dried at Philadelphia, to take to England, they scarcely got to my lodgings in New York before they were stole. A friend at Mansfield in a joke requested me before leaving home, to bring her a live rattlesnake. As one fell into my hands, I sent it to New York, in a cage, where it was also claimed, and was exhibiting in that city on my arrival. My double-barrelled gun which I highly valued both for the beauty and the excellence of the workmanship, went out of my private room while I stepped out about an hour, and though our suspicion naturally fell upon our landlord, all researches and advertisements were in vain. I select these instances out of many, to show that things valuable or worthless, are alike acceptable. *I shall be happy to escape at length with any thing left.*

Their love of freedom shows itself in their vulgar effrontery. Considering their opinions as the very oracles of wisdom, contradiction to them is intolerable; yet they will contradict with furious impetuosity. Their conceit is incredible, and of consequence their opinion is invincible. Do as you will, you are almost certain of giving offence, especially if you are known as an Englishman, for he is watched with an envious and malignant eye. One day at a tavern, at dinner, where four waiters were in attendance, I incautiously said, "Waiter! wilt thou please hand me the mustard?" "Who are you?" roared out a fellow who sat opposite, in a gruff tone, "You are not in England now! There are no waiters here!" I replied "that there were four persons in waiting, and that I knew of no more appropriate name. But that my question was not addressed to him, and that he need not therefore put himself out of humour about it." This was a gross insult to the free American, and he uttered a torrent of abuse and oaths before a large company, with as much fury as if I had taken his dinner away; which by the bye, he was gobbling down with a voracity as savage and disgusting as his address.

At a boarding-house in New York, my dog, which was chained in the yard by my luggage, barked at a little fiery republican as he passed, though it was impossible he could come near him. The little man was so enraged that he fetched an axe to dash out his brains, and it was only by the most prompt and resolute resistance that I compelled him to desist. My landlady however attacked me with a torrent of feminine eloquence, because I would not let the dog be killed,

that to obtain peace I was obliged to pay my bill and seek fresh quarters.

Smoking and spitting are the luxuries of life, and I verily believe an American could not enjoy the thought of heaven, if he were sure not to find there, his whiskey and segar. But this odious custom pervades all ranks and places. In elegant houses, in carpeted rooms, you are happy if you escape spitting upon, for an American is free and can spit where he pleases.

There are provisions for convenience and delicacy that even the Ashantees in Africa are said to possess in perfection, and which one would suppose no nation with any pretensions to civilization would be without, but which are seldom found connected with any houses in the country here.

I am waiting impatiently enough, I assure you to leave this place.* The heat, the fever, the mosquitos, and the many delays and disappointments respecting sailing, all add to my anxiety to see the vessel move. The fever rages increasingly,† notwithstanding all the efforts of the board of health to check it, and numbers are nightly carried out by the negroes to be buried. It is well known that these enslaved men are exempt from the contagion of this fever; I have heard a physician declare that he considered the fever the consequence of slave holding, and that were he a preacher, he would declaim against it, as the grand cause of a terrible scourge from which this country will never be free till it makes its slaves free.

The American seldom or never looks forward to the future and progressive improvement of his land, he uses it as asses are used in this country, worked while they have a spark of life in them, without one care about their support or preservation. But if you have any taste for consonant society, if you prefer the company of neighbours whom you resemble in manners pursuits, and modes of thinking, if you prefer cleanliness to filth, modesty to inquisitiveness, honesty to theft, civility to the vulgar effrontery of men who mistake lawless licence for liberty, if you wish to sit down in a house clean and sweet, to one odious with nastiness, if you prefer sleeping all night, to lying down only to be worried with vermin, and in short the company of people clean, sweet, and unassuming, to a dirty, noisy, spitting and heterogeneous rabble of all countries, this plan is indispensable; by it you may almost forget you are in a foreign land, at times, without it, I can predict your constant and incurable misery.

We met a party of Indians on a journey, near Canandaigua. The men were dressed pretty much like the *Yankees*, with silver bands about two inches broad,

round their hats; but the squaws or Indian women wore no covering on their heads. They were wrapt in blankets tied with yellow strings, and carried their whole luggage, with the exception of a rifle and an axe, which were carried by each man.

On the morrow I reached Joseph Stevenson's tavern, where I met brother. Here we saw a settler busy thrashing the grasshoppers and cicadas off a field of buck-wheat, which was just coming up. These insects are one of the plagues of America, and absolutely worse than the Egyptian locusts, for with all their voracity they have a perpetual succession. The country is full of them, and wherever an opening is made, and corn or grass sown, they come in clouds to bask in the sun, and devour every green blade. The labour of expelling them is the labour of Sisyphus, the settlers thrash their grounds all over with boughs, and they dance before them like a cloud of dust. But they only dance from one place to another, by the time the man is at one end of the field the other is restocked. It seems an evil as irremediable as it is serious. Kill millions, millions supply their places; for millions of acres are full, and no means can possibly repress them. The ground is buried under them. Every step you take in the sun, they start up in thousands, striking against your face with surprising force, and if you are not careful jumping into your mouth. No description can possibly convey an idea of their swarming numbers. They are of several sizes and species, from the size of a gnat, to that of a dragonfly. Some of the large species have wings, and fly to a distance of fifty yards. If a man only lays down his cloathes in the sun, they are devoured immediately, and such is their voracity, that my brother having laid down his gun a few minutes in the grass, found on taking it up they had nearly ruined the stock, by eating into it in various places.

We are just returned to this place, (Buffalo,) from viewing the awful and tremendous falls of Niagara, an object of great curiosity to foreigners, but of the utmost indifference to Americans, who are not very sensitive to natural beauty.

On the 21st, I visited the museum (Philadelphia,) the lovers of entomology would be highly gratified with the large and beautiful collection of insects; but that of reptiles is woefully deficient: a circumstance the more extraordinary, when we consider the ease with which they may be procured:—but, perhaps, Americans are not anxious to place, very prominently, before strangers, the horrid army of those creatures with which their country is infested.

Here all days are alike: there is no remission of fruitless labour—there is no sweet day of rest and reflexion, in which the mind can look (at leisure) back, in gratitude, and forward, even in the

gloomiest period, with the joyous hope of a better world; without, all is a dismal wilderness—and within, all is hastening to assimilate in character.

Every one, acquainted with this country, knows I dare not have touched a hair of his head: for children, from the age of six, are taught to resent such an injury with a *stab*—and are seldom seen here without a knife for this purpose.

That word *LIBERTY*, but which I call *LICENTIOUSNESS*, is a curse to this country. Here, children of six and seven years old, set their parents at defiance, and are supported in their rebellion by their neighbours. This state represents a melancholy picture of human depravity: parents encouraging their children in vice, and children threatening their parents, like dogs. Law and order are odious to them.

I have mortally offended them, by robbing some of their evil propensities, and not permitting them to come to my house to get drunk. Last winter but one, they shot twice at an Englishman, in his own house, for such a refusal; and one of the very men has since been made a magistrate:—*a murderer made a magistrate!*

To my face, they are very civil, when it serves their interest: for I am their lawyer and doctor, and have given them every assistance in my power, on all occasions, without charge; but they are men with no ideas of gratitude—the Indians and wild beasts are far before them.

HORTICULTURE.

On promoting the early Puberty of Apple and Pear Trees when raised from seed. By John Williams, Esq. of Pitmaston, near Worcester.

[From the Transactions of the London Horticultural Society.]

Many persons inclined to become experimentalists in raising fruit trees from seed, with a view of obtaining new, improved, and more hardy varieties, have been deterred from the attempt by the great length of time requisite for ascertaining the result of their industry; for the apple tree, when raised in the common way from the kernel, rarely affords its first blossoms before it is eight or ten years old, and the pear tree requires even a longer period, twelve or fifteen summers often elapsing, before the leaves of seedling-trees are capable of forming their first blossom-buds. Reflecting, some years ago, on Mr Knight's theory of the circulation of the sap, and observing the change in the appearance of the leaves of my seedling-plants, as the trees advanced in growth, I thought it might be pos-

* New York.

† 1819.

sible to hasten the progress of the plants, and procure that peculiar organization of the leaf necessary to the formation of blossom-buds at a much earlier age; and I conceive the following experiments tend strongly to confirm the justness of my expectations.

The facts are these: in November and December 1809, I sowed the kernels of several ripe pears, in separate pots, and placed them in a green-house during the winter. They began to vegetate in the following month of February, and in March the pots were removed into my grapery, where they remained till after midsummer. The plants were then carefully removed into a seed-bed, and planted in rows, about fourteen inches apart, where they remained till the autumn of 1811, when they were again transplanted into a nursery, at distances of six feet. Every succeeding winter I pruned away all small trifling lateral shoots, leaving the stronger laterals at their full length to the bottom of the plants, and made such a general disposition of the branches, as that the leaves of the upper shoots might not shade those situated underneath; every leaf, therefore, was thus rendered an efficient organ, by its full exposure to the light, as in similar experiments upon the peach tree, described by Mr. Knight, in the Horticultural Transactions. At the height of about six feet, I had the satisfaction to observe, that the branches ceased to produce thorns, and the leaves began to assume a more cultivated character. Several of these trees afforded blossoms and fruit last year. One seedling Siberian, variety of the apple, thus treated, yielded fruit at four years old, and many more at the age of five and six years. I consider these facts of some importance, in furthering the object of obtaining new varieties of fruit trees from seed, and confirming, were it necessary, the valuable discoveries of the president in that part of vegetable physiology which points out the curious and wonderful processes going on in the leaf.

Two of my new pears were raised from the seed of the Swans'-egg, impregnated with the pollen of the Gansell's Bergamotte (the *bonne rouge* of the French). In shape, the pear bears a considerable resem-

blance to the Gansell's Bergamotte; and, as far as so unfavourable a season as that of the last year will allow me to judge, I think, as the trees advance in age, their produce will be thought superior in flavour and size to the Swan's egg.

PERCY ANECDOTES.

YOU TH.

Tasso.

It is related of Torquato Tasso, the immortal author of *Jerusalem Delivered*, that he spoke plain when only six months old. At the age of seven years he understood Latin and Greek, and composed several verses. At the age of nine he was condemned to death by Charles the Fifth, as was also his father, who was secretary to the Prince of Salerno, but both saved themselves by flight. The infant poet wrote a poem on their disgrace, in which he compared himself and his father to *Ascanius* flying with *Aeneas*. Tasso was now sent to Padua to study law; and before he had attained his twelfth year, he had finished his course of rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics. At the age of seventeen he had received his degrees in philosophy, law, and divinity, and published his poem of *Rinaldo*, which was the precursor of the work which has rendered him immortal. His *Jerusalem Delivered* was commenced at the age of twenty-two.

Haydn.

Like Mozart, Haydn gave strong manifestations of his taste for music, even in infancy. His father, who had some knowledge of music, used to play the harp to his wife's singing, while the infant Haydn imitated a violin and bow with two pieces of wood, and thus took part in this quiet family concert. When of sufficient age, he was placed among the choir boys in the Cathedral of Vienna. His duties as a singer occupied only two hours in the day, but Haydn practised in general sixteen, and sometimes eighteen hours. He was wont to speak in rapturous terms of the delight he received from combinations of sound; even when he was playing with his companions, he was never able to resist the harmony of the organ in the cathedral. Haydn now began to think of composition, but could not obtain lessons from any of the able professors of Vienna. He was thus thrown on his own resources, yet still despaired not. He bought an old treatise on harmony at a stall; and devoting himself to the study of it with all the zeal of genius, speedily acquired a mastery of the principles of the art, and ere long became one of its brightest ornaments.

Child's Prayer.

A little girl, five years of age, was equally fond of her mother and grandmother. On the birthday of the latter, her mother said to her, "My dear, you must pray to God to bless your grandmamma, and that she may live to be very old. The child looked with some surprise at her mother, who, perceiving it, said, "Well, will you not pray to God to bless your grandmamma, and that she may become very old?" "Ah, mamma!" said the child, "she is very old already, I will rather pray that she may become young."

Gallant Midshipman.

In the year 1757, the *Antelope*, commanded by Captain Hood, engaged two French men of war off Brest. During the engagement, a young gentleman on board the *Antelope*, only sixteen years of age, while gallantly assisting on the quarter-deck, had both his legs shot off, and was carried below to the surgeon. Hearing the ship's crew cheering, he flourished his hand over his head, and with his latest breath uttered an huzzza to the honour of the British navy.

Goldsmith.

Dr. Goldsmith was always plain in his appearance, but when a boy he had suffered so much from the small-pox, that he was considered particularly ugly. When he was about seven years old, a fiddler, who reckoned himself a wit, happened to be playing in Mr. Goldsmith's house. During a pause between two sets of country dances, little Oliver surprised the party by jumping up suddenly, and dancing round the room. Struck with the grotesque appearance of the ill-favoured child, the fiddler exclaimed "Æsop!" and the company burst into laughter; when Oliver turned to them with a smile, and repeated the following couplet:

"Heralds proclaim aloud, all saying,
See Æsop dancing, and his monkey playing."

Opie.

This celebrated painter was indebted to Dr. Walcott, (Peter Pindar) who found him labouring in a saw-pit, for first bringing him forward. When he was first heard of, his fame rested on a very humble foundation. He was asked what he had painted to acquire him the village reputation he enjoyed. His answer was, "I ha' painted Duke William from the signs and stars, and such like things, for the boy's kites." Walcott told him, some time after, that he should baint portraits as the most profitable employment. "So I ha'; I ha' painted farmer so and so, and neighbour such a one, &c. wi' their wives, and their eight or ten children." "And how much did you receive?" "Why, far-

mer so and so sail it were but right to encourage *genus*, and so he ga' me half-a-guinea!" Why, sir, you should get at least half-a-guinea for every head." "Oh na! that winna do; it would ruin the country." So strikingly humble and characteristic were the first steps of Opie.

Sheridan.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan gave almost no promise in his childhood of those splendid talents by which he was afterwards distinguished. When about seven years of age, he was committed, along with his brother, to the care of Mr. Samuel Whyte, who with these two boys commenced an academy which afterwards became celebrated. When Mrs. Sheridan carried the boys to the house of Mr. Whyte, she took occasion to advert to the necessity of patience in the arduous profession which he had embraced; adding, "These boys will be your tutors in that respect; I have hitherto been their only instructor, and they have sufficiently exercised mine; for two such impenetrable dunces I never met with."

It was the illustrious Samuel Parr who, when under twenty years of age, and an undermaster at Harrow school, first discovered the latent genius of Sheridan, and by judicious cultivation, ripened it into maturity.

Cowper.

Cowper, in his *Memoirs of his Early Life*, gives an affecting instance of that mental enthrallment which boys of sensitive parts are too often doomed to suffer in public schools, from the arrogance and cruelty of their senior schoolmates. "My chief affliction," he says, "consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys, by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. One day, as I was sitting alone, on a bench in the school, melancholy, and almost ready to weep at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, these words of the Psalmist came into my mind: 'I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.' I applied this to my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness of spirits and cheerfulness which I had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity--his gift in whom I trusted. Happy would it have been for me if this early effort towards the blessed God had been frequently repeated by me, but, alas! it was the first and last instance of the kind between infancy and manhood. The cruelty of this boy, which he had long practised in so secret a manner that

no creature suspected it, was at length discovered. He was expelled from the school, and I was taken from it."

The Ettrick Shepherd.

James Hogg, popularly known by the name of the Ettrick Shepherd, one of the greatest peasant poets that Scotland ever produced, could neither read nor write at the age of twenty. He passed a youth of poverty and hardship, but it was the youth of a lonely shepherd, among the most beautiful pastoral vallies in the world. His haunts were among scenes

"The most remote and inaccessible
By shepherds trod."

Living for years in this solitude, he unconsciously formed friendships with the springs, the brooks, the caves, the hills, and with all the more fleeting and faithless pageantry of the sky, that to him came in the place of those human affections, from whose indulgence he was debared by the necessities that kept him aloof from the cottage fire, and up among the mists on the mountain top. For many years, he seldom saw "the human face divine," except on the Sabbath morn, when he came down from the mountains to renew his weekly store of provender.

To this youth of romantic seclusion, we may ascribe the fertility of his mind in images of external nature; images which are dear to him for the recollections which they bring, for the restoration of his early life. These images he has at all times a delight in pouring out, and in all his descriptions there are lines of light, or strokes of darkness, that at once captivate the imagination, and convince us that the sunshine, or the shadow, had travelled before the poet's eye.

Self Taught Mechanist.

A boy, of the name of John Young, now (1819) residing at Newton-upon-Ayr, in Scotland, constructed a singular piece of mechanism, which attracted much notice among the ingenious and scientific. A box, about three feet long by two broad, and six or eight inches deep, had a frame and paper covering erected on it, in the form of a house. On the upper part of the box are a number of wooden figures, about two or three inches high, representing people employed in those trades or sciences with which the boys is familiar. The whole are put in motion at the same time by machinery within the box, acted upon by a handle like that of a hand organ. A weaver upon his loom, with a fly-shuttle uses his hands and feet, and keeps his eye upon the shuttle, as it passes across the web. A soldier, sitting with a sailor at a public-house table, fills a glass, drinks it off, then knocks upon the table, upon which an old woman opens a door, makes her appearance, and they retire. Two shoe makers upon their stools are seen, the one beating leather, and the other stitching a shoe. A cloth-

dresser, a stone-cutter, a cooper, a tailor, a woman churning, and one teasing wool, are all at work. There is also a carpenter sawing a piece of wood, and two blacksmiths beating a piece of iron, the one using a sledge, and the other a small hammer, a boy turning a grindstone, while a man grinds an instrument upon it, and a barber shaving a man, whom he holds fast by the nose with one hand.

The boy was only about seventeen years of age when he completed this curious work, and since the bent of his mind could be first marked, his only amusement was that of working with a knife, and making little mechanical figures: this is the more extraordinary, as he had no opportunity whatever of seeing any person employed in a similar way. He was bred a weaver with his father, and since he could be employed at the trade, has had no time for his favourite study, except after the work ceased, or during the intervals; and the only tool he ever had to assist him was a pocket knife. In his earlier years he produced several curiosities on a similar scale, but the one now described is his greatest work, to which he devoted all his spare time during two years.

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